

"what you were--"

It was naturally that she was a wonder  
of the sort that is at the same time  
familiar and sacred.

-- Conrad, The Rescue

your face was covered with peacock feathers  
i looked and you were turquoise and silver  
on your floor a mattress two candles incense burning  
the lights down the coast moved sadly as we watched

we said we'd dance but talked most of the night  
i guided you with care around the craters of your past  
i was your father your brother the lover you knew would  
come

and you were my mama too  
my big wooden spoon

but then  
O give me a baby you whispered  
now

motel

for Mr. Gerry Mulligan

they gave us number 18 next to the highway  
you lay on the bed reading  
i sat in the kitchen fooling with the radio  
listening to the tires whirr in the rain  
i couldn't sleep was too afraid to try  
to break it open writing  
then you smeared honey over your crotch  
and invited me in to dine